

P S

3511

R75B3

1911



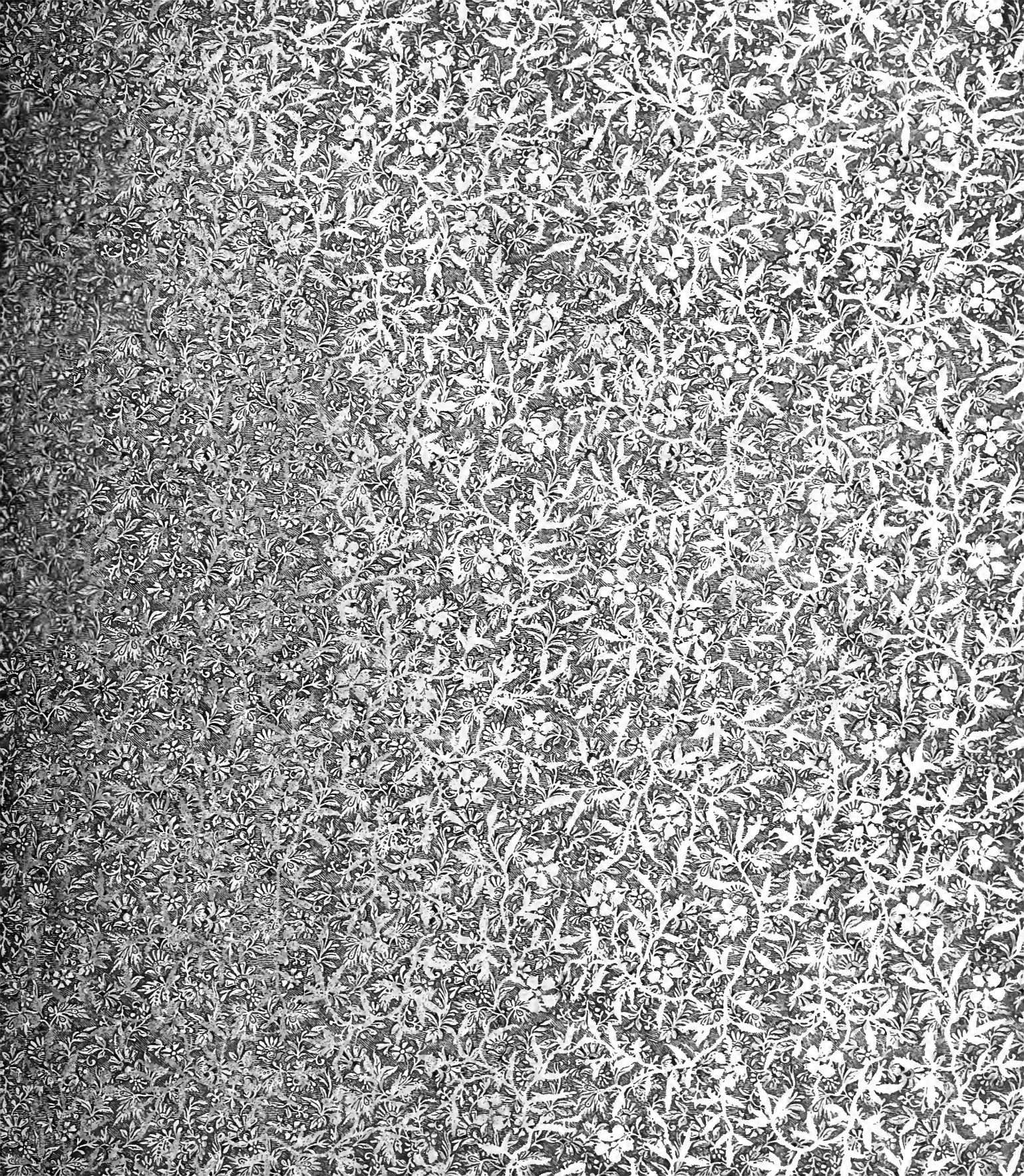


Class PS3511

Book R75B3

Copyright N^o. 1911

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





BABY-LAND

BY

Wild-Bird

Mrs. Almira L. Corey Frink



Edited by

Olive Bacon Frink

Denver, Colorado

Copyright, 1911, by Olive Bacon Frink

PS3511
R45B3
1911

12-12/8

©CLA303511

No. 1.

DEDICATION

Father of Lights, to Thee I give
These scattered notes; and as they glide
O'er hilltops bright and valleys wide;
O'er hamlet, old with penury,
Or palace filled with luxury;
O'er city and o'er wilderness;
O'er hearts in gladness or distress,
O, give them, Lord, Thy smile indeed,
And make them like the winged seed,
That spreads on high its silken plumes,
Comes softly down, takes root and blooms,
Forever in the heart to live.

WILD-BIRD.

“THERE’S A BABY BORN”

Hark! the shining stars are singing,
And the azure skies are ringing:
Angels joyful news are bringing,
“There’s a baby born.”

Child of Deity, unfolding
In a form of heavenly molding;
Endless life in frailest holding,
Sweet as rosy morn!

“DID YOU KNOW?”

The soft winds played in the summer grove,
That the sunlight made aglow,
When a small face peered through the garden gate
’Mong the roses pure as snow:
And in sweet, shy tones came the wondrous words,
“We’ve a baby; did you know?”

The passer-by caught the accents soft,
And the words seemed to linger there,
Like the fragrant breath of the sweet June rose
On the summer’s balmy air.
And the stranger smiled ’neath his load of cares,
And the sunlight seemed to glow
With a brighter beam, as the echoes came,
“We’ve a baby; did you know?”

And all the way from the cottage bright
Where our mother Eve once sung,
The same sweet words have been spoken oft;
And the echoes clear have rung
Through the summer glades and upon the hills
That were wrapped in robes of snow,
The sweet child voices oft have said,
“We’ve a baby; did you know?”

We all forget what our griefs have been,
And the toils and tears and strife,
As the wee bright angels come to earth,
Just born to an endless life;
And the words will fall like a holy thrill,
As adown life's path we go,
And listen yet to the echoes sweet,
"We've a baby; did you know?"

LULLABY OF THE MOON

Softly sway the little cradle;
Softly in the quiet night
Let my pure beams touch the darling,
As I kissed Eve's babies bright.
As I played among the tresses
Of her lovely Abel's head,
As I poured my floods of silver
'Round her happy ones long fled.

When the grand old Ark was building,
Noah's babies then I kissed,
And they laughed and cooed their welcome,
When full-orbed I cheered the east.
Through the long and fearful Deluge
I was hidden from the Ark,
But when cleared away the tempest
And the sky was chill and dark,

Then I rose, my lamp full-burning,
Pouring silver on the flood,
Till the mighty, shoreless ocean,
Sparkling, shouted praise to God.
How I watched the Ark while billows
Were returning to their place,
And glad hearts from Noah's window
So rejoiced to see my face.

Sway the little cradle softly;
Let me touch the darling's cheek.
Every darling, through the ages,
In their thoughts to me will speak.
Baby lips for me are smiling;
Baby fingers point to me,
When my silver sails spread widest
On the great, blue, silent sea.

BABY'S BED

Baby's little bed should be
White as drifting snow;
Pure and sweet as Heaven's air,
Where the soft clouds glow.
Baby's tiny coverlet
Should be lambs' wool white,
Dainty as the pelican,
Fluffy, warm and light.
Baby's pillow should be made
Light as eider down,
With a cover clean and soft
As its little gown.
Pin a rose upon the wall,
Something great or small,
Place where baby's eyes can see
In its quiet revery.
Baby understands the flowers;
They will cheer its waking hours.
Place the feathered songster near;
Let him trill for baby's ear.

Baby understands sweet song,
With no words of right or wrong.
Guileless babies. Jesus told
How, within the Heavenly Fold,
All the little ones, in grace
See our Father's blessed face.

There what holy song they learn,
Ne'er to evil ways to turn.
Half the soul-buds of the world
Go to Heaven to be unfurled;
In that Home where ne'er was heard
Thought of sin or evil word.
Baby's bed is ready now.
See the gladness light its brow.
Softly tuck the velvet feet;
Kiss the dimpled fingers sweet;
Gently sing a lullaby,
Till Love shuts its starry eye.
Baby's bed's a sacred place,
Free from every guile.
E'en the weariest of earth
Can but look and smile.
Be not proud, the angels there
Guard the precious one with care,
And the light from Pearly Gates
Shines across the bed,
Where the shining angel waits
At the cradle head.
Sweetest vigils we will keep,
Hush! the darling is asleep.

BABIES

Darling babies, precious babies!

To the cradles flocking, flocking;
Little men and little women
In the cradles rocking, rocking.

Sweetest baby voices cooing;
Dimpled fingers clasping, playing;
Baby smiles and baby glances,
From the cradles swaying, swaying.

O! the stars may pale in ashes,
And the sun may cease its glowing;
But these new-born souls forever
Must be onward going, going!

Bless these tender hearts, O Saviour!
With Thy love these loves entwining;
Make them Thine own fadeless jewels,
In Thy crown forever shining.

LULLABY OF THE ARCTIC

Sleep, baby, sleep;—safe from the storm,
Hid in thy wrappings downy and warm
Tell all the drifting snow
Tell all the winds that blow,
That they must softly go;
Baby is here.

Sleep, baby, sleep; storm-clouds have fled,
And not a snow-flake touched baby's bed!
Tell the Aurora bright,
Tell all the stars of night,
Send down your cheery light;
Baby is here!

Sleep, baby, sleep: God holds the world:
His starry banner now is unfurled.
Hear what the angels say,
Sent on their shining way,
One soul is pure as they;
Baby is here.

BABY NOAH

When Mother Lamech's baby boy
In the bright hammock swung,
And Grandpapa Methuselah
Some cheery anthem sung,
As baby Noah sucked his thumb,
Or played with wee pink toes,
He knew not of the flood to come
With all its startling woes.

And when he clapped to see the stars
Peer through the heavens dark,
He did not know his dimpled hands
Would plan the precious Ark.
He knew not that the baby voice
Then learning "lullaby"
Must yet be by the nations heard,
Sent by the King on high;

That he must preach the coming Christ,
The Saviour yet to die,
And men would scoff and hate his name
And pass his warnings by;
That violence in all the earth
Would run its riot free,
Until the storm and cyclone came,—
Avenging powers to be.

And when the birds of morning sang
The chorus of the groves,
And baby Noah cooed and laughed
To see the bright-winged doves,
He knew not that on Ararat
The other side the Flood,
He would send forth a bird like that
To bring him tidings good.

So we, who shield our little ones
And guide their baby feet,
Know not the bitter that may come,
Or snares hid in the sweet.
We hold their hands and kiss their lips,
We wrap them in our love;
And yet a little while and then
Who'll guide them when they rove?

Lord Jesus, Saviour of the lambs,
Bless Thou these little ones;
Teach us, O Lord, that *we* may teach
Thy daughters and Thy sons;
That we may right examples set,
In pleasure or in straits;
That they may in our footsteps go
And enter Pearly Gates.

LULLABY OF THE OCEAN

Rest, darling, rest,
On Ocean's breast,
Millions of star-worlds are mirrored to-night
Till the great deep is all sparkling with light;
O the blue sea is a glorious sight,
Rocking my baby till morning shines bright!

Rest, baby, rest,
On the sea's breast;
Beautiful Deep,
Rock us to sleep!

When the sea roars,
And the storm pours,
And the great billows so fearfully reel,
And the loud thunders burst peal upon peal,
Jesus, our Lord, lays His hand on the wheel,
Then the great waves come sobbing and kneel.

Rest, baby, rest,
On the sea's breast;
Beautiful Deep,
Rock us to sleep!

KEEP WARM THE BABY'S FEET

O mother of the darling sweet,
Keep warm, keep warm the baby's feet!
Would you make strong the tiny form,
Against disease, against the storm,
Then keep the precious feet most warm!

Countless little graves now hold
The tiny form within their fold,
Because in life their feet were cold.
Then, mother of the darling sweet,
Keep warm, keep warm the baby's feet!

LULLABY OF THE FOREST

Sweet is summer's breeze
Through the leafy trees,
Where the honeysuckles grow,
And the violets below
Open wide their bright blue eyes,
Looking towards the sunny skies.
Sleep, while gentle south winds blow
Over blossoms white as snow.

Now the sunset bird
By his trill has stirred
All the evening songsters near;
What a warbling choir is here!
And the chorus "Whippoorwill"
Calls from every vine-clad hill.
Sleep, while all the birdies sing
Praises to our Saviour King.

In the leafy nest
Songsters are at rest;
All the little ground birds hide
'Neath the grassy curtains wide;
In its well-made mossy bed
Every squirrel rests its head.
Sleep, my little precious bud
From the Paradise of God.

OUR KITTY

Kitty was playing with one little ball,
A ball that was hung on a string;
Its bright eyes were dancing in merriest glee,
Watching how far it would swing.
And dear little puss, as quick as a dart,
Would dash it, when near her it swung;
But kitty could only laugh out of her eyes,
For joy that a ball could be strung.

O frolicsome kitty! Say, why did you come
Where somebody often gets cross?
You don't know what rough words may meet you in life,
When there's not a play-ball to toss!
Then Truth answered me in a sweet, loving tone,
And said that wee kitty had come
To teach little children to ever be kind
And tender to pets in the home.

The velvet is soft on the small, fragile paws;
And if it with gentleness meet,
'Tis seldom that any will know it has claws,
Or learn there are pins in its feet.
And kitty is come to show us a way
To work for a wonderful thing;
When lions and lambs together shall play,
And all hearts together shall sing!

MOTHER'S LULLABY

Never fear, darling, nor start at a sound;
Mother's arm foldeth thee tenderly 'round.
Mother's heart beats for thee; rest on it, love;
Mother's voice sings for thee, soft as a dove.

Go to sleep, baby, and grow to be strong.
Mother will teach thee a beautiful song;
Beautiful song that together we'll sing
In the Bright Land, that forever is Spring.

O soft, little feet, lie still in the wrap,
For ten little toes are needing a nap;
One little hand reaches up for a kiss;
Baby can't sleep without mother's caress!

But mother is worn and weary to-night,
Go to sleep, baby, till morning is bright.
Mother wakes easy; don't fear if she nod;
For nobody loves like mother and God.

WINTERGREEN BERRIES

'Twas a cold, rough day
As we sped away
In the grand old Michigan woods;
And the forest flowers,
'Mid the windy hours,
Hid back in their wee, warm hoods.

But we searched the ground,
And the red drops found
'Neath their shining parasols green;
Two or three on a stem,
Each a round, ruby gem,
'Neath coverts of emerald sheen.

O little, bright globes!
In your wee, red robes,
And hid under sweet, scented leaves,
O why do you grow,
Hid away till the snow
Its great white coverlet weaves?

But the berries cried,
"We were made to hide,
Till the dear, little hands shall come
And bear us away
For their own sweet play,
In the corner of some glad home."

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE ROCKIES

Father has gone to the mountains for gold
Hid for his baby for ages untold;
He will come home when the wind bloweth cold,
 Calling for baby.

Brother has gone to the mountains to seek
Quartz-gems as rosy as baby's bright cheek;
He will bring topaz from valley and peak,
 Calling for baby.

Sister has gone to the mountains to bring
All the bright blossoms that wake in the spring;
She will come, blithe as the birdies that sing,
 Calling for baby.

If we forget thou are lent from the skies,
Angels may come from the Father All-Wise,
With a great love shining out of their eyes,
 Calling for baby.

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE NILE

“Lullaby, darling one; now you will ride
On the Nile waters so quiet and wide.
Let no one say my baby has cried
There in the rushes.”

Thus said a mother, and offered a prayer,
As the small ark floated daintily there;
Leaving to God and His tenderest care
The cradle of rushes.

Who is now come to the river to lave?
Oh! 'tis the king's daughter lovely and brave;
Bidding her maidens bring in from the wave
The cradle of rushes.

Pharaoh's fair daughter bends low to caress:
“Hushaby, pretty one! give me a kiss;—
Who ever saw such a cradle as this,
Built out of rushes!

“Go! call a Hebrew to nurse it for me:—
Sing a glad song till it laughs in its glee.
'Tis well I was first the sweet cherub to see,
Hid in the rushes.

“Dress it in raiment of loveliest dyes;
Pharaoh’s great gems are not bright as its eyes;
This is the king’s daughter’s beautiful prize,
Found in the rushes.”

SNOW-BIRDS

Birdies dancing on the snow,
Merry as if this were June;
And the little wiry feet
Skipping to the gayest tune;
With no stockings and no shoes,
Chirping forth the morning news.
O, you'll freeze your tiny feet
While you chipper glad and sweet!

"Freeze?" they chipper, "no, for we
Are the snow-birds, don't you see?
This is telling our delight
For the morning golden-bright,
As we breakfast on the seeds
Gathered from the old dry weeds.
Does your song of praises flow
Glad, as we chirp on the snow?"

THE MINER'S CRADLE SONG

Dig a little farther; baby needs a hood,
Cloak, and shoes, and blanket,—everything that's good.
Dig a little farther; never say despair,
While the little darling needs a dress and chair.

Sell the watch for candles, make the lantern burn;
Soon we'll strike the treasure with a glad return.
Dig a little farther; show us, Lord, the way!
For the precious baby we will dig and pray.

Sharpen pick and shovel; see that rope is strong;
Turn the windlass careful, lest you hush the song
By the little cradle where the baby sleeps,
And God's loving angel ceaseless vigil keeps!

EVE'S CARE

Eve kept her babies carefully warm,
Safe from the evening chill, safe from the storm;
As the Lord made of skins a garment for her,
Eve must have known that the babes needed fur;
Cloaks lined with ermine and fluffiest goods,
Wraps fringed with camel's hair; eider down hoods.
O, to have seen the sweet darlings of Eve
Would have been a great lesson, we well may believe!

THE ORIOLE'S SONG

Dear little orioles rocked in the tree
By the sweet summer winds, waiting for me;
Waiting for mother the supper to bring;
O baby orioles, father will sing!
Father will sing as he sits on the bough,
Watching his babies wait supper just now.
Dear little downy brood, hearing the tune
All the bright Baltimores warble in June.
You must wear hoods of soft feathery black,
With a dark cape coming over your back.
The front of your dress must be of bright gold,
Almost vermilion, like father's of old.
With feathers white-edged on both little wings;
That's what the oriole wears when he sings.
His stockings are azure, the same that they wore
In the bright orchestra close to Eve's door!
We never change style; the old one is best:
Given of Him Who our forefathers dressed;
Days before Eve placed a rose in her hair,
The same golden red did the orioles wear.
The world is so restless, so hungry for change;
Its plans are like billows that o'er the sea range:
It alters its patterns, its habits and words;
And what would they do were it not for the birds!
If we don't praise Him, and sing when we can,
There'll be a chorus left out of His plan.

And when He looks down on the oriole's tree,
There must go up a sweet warble from me.
'Tis all I can give Him for nest on the bough;
The song that He taught me, I'm singing it now.
Dear baby orioles, learn to sing this;
'Tis the sweet song of the Eden of bliss!

LULLABY OF THE ORIOLE

Your nest is all built, and your birdies are there,
Hidden away from the draughts of the air;
O pretty songster of garden and glen,
Whistle again, birdie, whistle again!

“Yapou-yapou! ha-ha! he-he!”

Who taught you to build such a wonderful nest?
There you may rock all the night in your rest,
Swung by the breezes till morn cometh, then,
Whistle again, birdie, whistle again!

“Yapou-yapou! ha-ha! he-he!”

O, pretty oriole, where is your mate?
Still he is searching and breakfast is late.
Call him from hill-top, call him from glen;
Whistle again, birdie, whistle again!

“Yapou-yapou! ha-ha! he-he!”

THE MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING BABE

Drink, little love,
 The pearly stream
No eye can see
That flows for thee;
 Drink, love, and dream.
Sweet baby thought,
Fresh and untaught,
Bright-winged and free,
Glide on and see
The golden beams,
And silvery streams;
The budding flowers
And starry bowers
That glow and gleam
In baby's dream.

Drink, little love.
 Thy mother's eye,
Like yonder star
That shines afar
 In azure sky,
Is bent on thee
Each smile to see;
Each want to fill;
Each fear to still;
And give thee rest
Upon her breast.

Her throbbing heart
Beats to the song
Her lips prolong.
Should baby start
From fearful dream,
A fresher stream
Of song will rise
From mother then,
Till baby's eyes
Close soft again.
O little one,
Life just begun,
Bud newly born,
Life's early morn,
Harp newly strung,
Song never sung,
Angel unknown,
Thou art my own!

Saviour, behold,
Dearer than gold
This pearl of love
From God above:
Priceless and pure,
Gem to endure.
Lord, it is Thine;

O make it shine
With jewels there
In holy light,
And let me see
Its glow so bright,
Where glories bloom
Beyond the tomb.

Sleep, little one!
I'll cradle thee
Upon my breast.
Thou art to be
A glorious saint
Before the throne;
To sing and praise
Our Lord, our own.
I know it now;
Upon this brow
I press so oft
With kisses soft,
A crown of light
Will glitter bright;
Forever then
I'll love thee, when
On that glad shore,
To part no more,
I clasp my love
Safe, safe above.

The covenant
Is sure, if I,
 With faithful hold
 And courage bold,
To Christ draw nigh
And teach thy heart
The better part.

Sleep, little love:
Thy tiny feet
Are yet to tread
The golden street.
And thou wilt glide
With angel bands
'Mong starry worlds
In fadeless lands;
And praising God
With harp and voice,
Thy mother's soul
Shall then rejoice.
O then these years
Of pain and tears
Will all be fled!
Rest, little head,
While shadows come
About our home;
And stars of night
Shine down so bright,

From that sweet place
Where angels sing
Of truth and grace.
On tireless wing
We, too, will rise,
O darling one!
To yonder skies,—
The victory won,
The journey done;
With joy to stand,
Hand clasped in hand,
Upon the heights
Of true delights,
Where music flows
In deathless stream;
And want and woes,
And chilling snows,
Like thy short dream,
Forever past;
Where Jesus Blest
Shall lead the throng;
And that sweet song
Of dying love
We'll sing above.
Rest, babe of bliss,
On my fond breast;
Sweet is thy kiss:
O I am blest!
Angel unknown,
Lord, 'tis Thine own!

THE BAPTISM

This sweet little Lily, this babe of our love,
This gift of our Father in glory above,—
O Crucified Saviour, we bring her to Thee
To make her as pure as the lily to be;
Thy Spirit attend her, nor leave her alone.
O make her to love Thee and seal her Thine own!
Thus may she forever dwell close to Thy breast,
And enter all blood-washed, the Heavenly Rest.

ODE TO THE MOON

Pretty Moon, do you remember
What was Eve's first lullaby,
When she swung the little hammock
As the bird-songs floated by,
And you smiled down from the sky?

Lovely Moon, do you remember
What was Noah's anthem sweet
That they sang upon the Deluge
When the storms had ceased to beat,
And the stars looked down to greet?

Lovely Moon, do you remember
That sweet song the angels sung
When the shepherds of Judea
Sang a song for every tongue,
And through heaven and earth it rung?

Lovely Moon, you've seen these glories:
Through the ages thy calm smile
Silent keeps the wondrous stories
Hidden from our eyes awhile,
As we walk this starry isle.

And your lamp is ever burning,
Though the clouds it from us hide;
Your fair face is always shining,
Ever since Eve was a bride
And the earth one homestead wide.

Lovely Moon, the baby loves you:

Light with silver floods the mist,

Light the clouds that try to hide you,

Sea and plain and mountain crest;

All things smile that thou dost kiss.

THE MOON AND HER STAR

Some evenings fair, there comes a star
To cite the beauteous moon afar,
And travel close to her bright car;
List'ning glad to the song she sings;
Watching her spread her silver wings;
Learning a chorus to her song;
Trimming his lamp as he speeds along.

Whether with oars he paddles the blue,
Or whether on lightning wings he flew,—
Whether he goes in a boat or car,
I cannot see, for he is so far.

PANSIES

Bright the lovely pansies blossomed,
Some in purple and in gold;
And I wondered at their courage,
Facing storms of cloud and cold.
Then I asked them of their mission,—
Why they came to bless the world;
And they laughed and shook the dew-drops
From their velvet leaves unfurled,
“Oh!” they cried, “we’ve many missions,
But the gladdest of them all
Is to cheer the little children,
And gleam out from fingers small;
To shine forth thoughts of God awhile,
And draw from baby lips a smile.”

MY BABY

Little pink toes, five in a row,
With a soft, velvet patter they go;
But that velvet patter is music to me,
My baby, my baby!

Oh, ten little, pearly-pink toes,
Always go running in two little rows!
Each is a beautiful jewel to me,
My baby, my baby!

BABY'S CUP

A draught of good fresh milk, though drank
From earthen, tin or pewter,
Is Nature's food and medicine,
And ever will recruit her
Better than all inventions served
In cups of golden lining.

If baby should need aught beside
The precious milk, pearl-shining,
Then give it but the blood of grapes
Fresh-pressed from grape or raisin;
Blest cup for all the weak and strong;
Blest cup for every season.

BE A BABY WHILE YOU CAN

O little man, little man,
In the cradle rocking,
Soon to study and to plan,
Soon to cipher, parse and scan,
At door of wisdom knocking;
Measuring the mountains high
And the worlds that stud the sky,—
Sleep and rest, you little man,
Be a baby while you can;
Gather strength to lead the van.

Baby darling, woman wee,
In the cradle rocking,
Soon to study and to plan,
Soon to cipher, parse and scan;
Measuring the mountains high,
And the worlds that star the sky;
Soon to mend the stocking,
Learning then to sew and bake,
Also fashion and to make.
Dainty baby-fingers, rest;
Soon they'll need to do their best.
Dream that all the world is true,
Pure as yonder starry-blue;
Look at angels while you sleep;
See God's foot-prints in the deep:

All the baby hearts are **H**is,
And they "see **H**im as **H**e is."
Be a baby while you can;
Gather strength to lead the van.

MOTHER EVE

O Mother Eve, do you never look
From the Pearly Gates to the starry nook,
Where, glimmering here in the spangled blue,
The world shines out that was once for you,—
The dear old home of the Eden bowers
Where first you lived 'mong the birds and flowers?
As you look down on the babies dear,
And see their woes and their crying hear,
As fed with the food for babies not made,
The cheeks grow pale, and the bright hopes fade,—
Does your heart cry out, "Not so! Not so
Must the babe be fed to be strong and grow:
Milk, precious milk, is the wee one's food,
To strengthen the bones and nourish the blood!"

LULLABY OF THE THRUSH

Little brown thrush, are you singing for me,
Pouring your song from the crest of the tree?
Oh! I'm not worthy of such a sweet tune,
Poured from the tree-tops bright mornings in June.
Yet warble for me, warble for me!

O, if you'll sing for me, little brown thrush,
I'll build a nest for you, lined with soft plush;
"Ah, that's not nice enough," that's what you say,
Waving your pretty wings, soaring away.
O warble for me, warble for me!

Little brown thrush, then come, build your own nest
Of fine straw and silk, and things you like best;
I'll scatter the down for you, under the tree,
To line the nest warm, if you'll warble for me.
O warble for me, warble for me!

BABY'S CHILLY RIDE

Cool the winds were rustling
And the light was paling,
For the sun was hidden
With a fleecy veiling.

Trundling down the sidewalk
A baby's carriage rolled,
Canopied with azure
And dainty every fold.

Sat the little stranger
Sweet as lily white;
The cap of gauzy ruffle
Let in air and light.

The little wrap was tasteful,
Yet 'twas all too thin;
The cloak was not a warm one
To wrap a baby in.

There it sat,—the angel!
Not saying, "I am cold."
I knew that face of beauty
Would ne'er on earth grow old.

By all my mother-instincts
And mother-wisdom given,
I knew that precious baby
Was on the road to Heaven.

I thought of half-fledged birdies,
The sparrow and the starling;
And longed to wrap my mantle
About the baby darling.

But on the little carriage
Rolled, with its precious freight,
As if in haste to land it
Within the Pearly Gate.

Had baby been a dolly,
With lifeless locks of flax;
And had its form been molded
Of porcelain or wax,

The fragile cap so gauzy,
The dainty cloak so thin,
Had been enough of clothing
To wrap the dolly in.

But flesh and blood of babies
Need something warmer far,
Or soon the priceless jewel
Like evening's beauteous star

Will soon shine far above us;
And baby's precious feet
Will walk among the angels
Along the Golden Street.

BABY'S MEDICINE

Oh! always give to the baby's mouth
The things God made for food;
The precious milk or the grape's fresh juice,
Things that the Lord calls "good."

Blind Folly searched through the east and west,
Aye, searched from north to south,
To find great drugs of healing power
To put in the baby's mouth.

But they searched in vain! and day and night,
Like flocks of birds, towards Heaven
The babies went, for they could not stay
Where the cruel drugs were given.

And never put to the baby's lips
The food for the stronger made;
Or you may weep with a broken heart
By its cold bed in the glade.

Feed it food for the babies made,
And dress it warm and clean;
Give it the purest air to breathe,
And the sunlight's golden sheen.

Like the lilies fair, like the sweet June rose
Then shall the baby grow;
And the smile of Heaven like a halo rest
On the angel lent below.

Give it the love of a holy heart
That plans for the life beyond;
That mingles prayer with the daily work,
And song with caresses fond;

That sweet, glad song that forever lies
In the heart as the years sweep on;
And tells of the love God has for us,
In the gift of His only Son.

BABY'S BATH

If you've got it right, there's a smile on his lips—
That water must cover his fat little hips,
 Coming quite up to his waist.
Don't make him laugh! he will splash if you do,
And learn naughty ways, and be troublesome too;
 Be quiet; don't be in haste!
 But if you would be sure
 Of the temperature,
Put your own elbow into the bath.

THE FARMER'S CRADLE SONG

Come, little rain-drops, patter on the corn;
Come, little sunbeams, bright in rosy morn;
Shine on the wheat-fields, make them golden-sweet,
Ready for the brown bread, baby wants to eat.

Come, little dew-drops, make the apples grow,
Bellflower and russet, bright with sunset glow.
Come, cloud and sunshine, make the rainbow bright,
While the grapes' sweet clusters laugh in delight.

O, blessed Father, give enough for all!
Bread for the millions, little folks and tall;
Fruits for the wide world, bringing hope and health,
Milk and golden butter; 'tis the farmer's wealth.

Oh! blessed Saviour, with the bounty sweet
Make the people praise Thee when they come to eat.
May the little children lisp a loving prayer
For the countless blessings, and Thy tender care.

When sweet Hosannas by all cradles rise,
When love of Jesus shines from children's eyes;
Then earth and Heaven in one glad song will sing,
"In the highest, Glory to our Saviour King!"

THE LITTLE FAWN

There in the summer woodland,
Down in the quiet glade,
Hid in a leafy thicket,
Is a little fawn in the shade.

And the wildwood moss is growing
About its dry leaf bed;
And the vine of the forest swaying
Its blossoms overhead.

The mother roe comes often
To nurse her baby deer;
And she listens, listens, listens,
Lest some bold foot come near.

There she dreams with her baby,
Till birds of the early dawn
Wake the mother from slumber
To nurse her dear little fawn.

Who made the glad mother,
Who made the wee fawn?
Who made the bright birdies
To sing at the dawn?

The same Who made baby,
The same Who made me;
Who calls us and calls us
His loved ones to be.

OUR BABY

What do you think that the kitty did
When baby was two weeks old,
And her eyes were dark, of a pansy blue,
And her hair half brown, half gold?
Kit put her paws on the baby's feet,
And looked into baby's eyes;
And baby looked into kitty's face
With a curious surprise.
She thought that puss was a funny folk,
Half black, and yellow half;
With eyes of shining greenish gold;
And it made the baby laugh.

What do you think that the birdies said
In the garden 'mong the trees,
As they ate of the berries growing there,
And sang in the summer breeze,
And built their nests on the leafy boughs
Where the baby's eyes could see?
They sang the words that the baby loved;
"Twitter-dee, twitter-dee-dee-dee."

And what do you think that the baby did,
When they gathered white sprays, shining,
And made a hedge of the cradle side?
A hedge with a white-star lining?

Why, baby sat like a little queen,
In the midst of the circling bower,
And smiled as if it were Eden sweet,
And she never crushed a flower!

And what do you think that the bright stars did,
As the baby peered through the curtain,
And peered again with a longing look,
To be sure they were shining, certain?
The stars just twinkled and twinkled there,
As they did to Eve's own darlings,
When their dimpled fingers pointed up
To stars of the cloudless evenings.

And how do you think that the baby looked,
As we took her out at sunset,
And set her down 'mong the tall ripe oats
('Twas before the earth was dew-wet),
The baby looked at the golden oats
Above and around her growing,
And high up into God's blue sky,
As if somebody there were knowing

All about what a place she found
Where the nodding oats were playing,
And she sweetly smiled in her mother's face,
As that mother's heart was praying;
Praying there for her darling one,
That her little feet might never
Turn aside from the path that leads
Where Christ is the Joy forever.

LILIES

When I wandered 'mong the lilies,
Over hill and down the dale;
And some bloomed in brilliant scarlet,
Others pure as snowy veil,
Spread their fragrance on the breeze.
And I asked them why they came;
And each blossom smiled to tell me
That to speak of His dear name
They had raised their fairest banners,
Banners that the children seek,
With a shout of baby gladness
Lighting heart and eye and cheek.

THE DIVER'S CRADLE SONG

Come, little diver now under the sea,
Bring up a crown of bright jewels to me.
Bring me the coral, the sea-weed, the shell;
Bring the anemones there in the dell,
While baby's awake.

Come, little diver now under the sea,
Gather the mosses and bring them to me.
Find a sea-butterfly in the blue wave;
Get me the pearls that are hid in the cave,
While baby's awake.

Come, little diver deep under the sea;
Find a bright star-fish and fetch it to me.
I want a gurnet and sea-urchin, too;
Come, little diver, we're waiting for you,
While baby's awake.

Waiting for you, and how long shall we wait?
Golden stars gleam on the billowy gate.
Why do you stay in the coral to sleep?
Gather the jewels and rise from the deep,
While baby's awake.

Ah, little diver, you've tarried so long!
Baby's soft eyelids droop low in the song:
See how the bright fingers rest on her cheek;
Whatever you bring, little diver, don't speak,
Lest baby awake.

THE RISING GENERATION

See ten thousand cradles swaying
With their burdens to and fro;
In the vales and on the mountains,
Tropics warm and fields of snow;
Every land and tribe and people
Hears the little new-born voice;
Sees the rising generation
In its early thoughts rejoice.

Shivering Greenland has these treasures,
Wrapt in furs with tender care.
Sunny India fans her birdlings
In the warm and balmy air,
And the spicy isles shed sweetness
'Round the little cherished bed:
From pole to pole the mother's bosom
Pillows soft her darling's head.

Little velvet hands are playing;
Little dimpled fingers move;
Little restless feet are nestling;
Little ruby lips of love
All throughout the world are smiling:
Precious baby hearts are light;
Wondering at surrounding objects,
Thinking all the world is bright.

Then the countless groups of children
Sporting as they glide along
The stream of life, while bird and rillet
Interweave their cheerful song
With sweetest notes; and childhood's hours
Seem like a morning of delight
Where gardens bloom with fairest flowers,
Glittering with the dews of night.

Oh! the rising generation
Soon will rule throughout the world,
And the thoughts we daily teach them
Soon like banners be unfurled;
Soon our words and tones be copied,
And like seeds spring up again,
Swaying future generations,
Molding hearts and voices then:

And again be scattered broadcast,
And again in harvest rise.
Teach us, Lord, Thy perfect wisdom:
Make our hearts and lips and eyes
To speak forth tenderness and love.
Make the very tone of voice
The index to the will subdued,
Telling, "We in Christ rejoice."

Give us faith and peace unshaken;
In each parent's heart implant

The fear of God, to guard and quicken,
Till each thought with God is blent;
Till His glorious presence fills
With sweet peace no words can tell,
And we can every cross endure,
Seeing Him invisible.

Like Moses then the parent's face
Shall tell what patience Jesus gives;
And little wond'ring hearts will trace
The path to where Immanuel lives.
And little children yearn to know
The sweetness of the Saviour's love.

Then, then the world will turn to God.
Then children pray with earnest soul;
The clouds of unbelief will flee,
And light shall spread from pole to pole,
As millions bear the Gospel on
And scatter Day-beams through the earth,
Till all the nations shall arise
Rejoicing in immortal birth.

That glorious day my soul shall see;
Perchance on earth, or looking forth
From Heaven's heights of amethyst
Rejoicing o'er the ransomed earth.
Rise, Christian, rise. Wake, parent, wake.
The Rising Generation calls;
Go onward and proclaim the road.

WHY THE BABIES WENT HOME

The other side the Pearly Gates
Have a myriad babies gone
Because their robes were all too thin
For the chilly eve and dawn.
Or the little shoes were cold and damp
From the wet grass of the lawn.

The other side the Pearly Gates
Have a myriad babies fled
Because in the tender baby-days
They were given flesh and bread,
Though God made milk, the delicious milk
For the babies to be fed.

The other side the Pearly Gates
A myriad babies went,
Because no sweet love greeted them
In the hours when they were sent;
And the way was all too hard and cold
For the little ones God lent.

The other side the Pearly Gates
God made the loveliest place
For the wee ones come back to Him;
And they always "see His face."
The sweetest joys of heaven are theirs,
In the Home of endless grace.

BLESSINGS OF GOD

God made the milk to be
 Creamy and sweet,
For all of His children
 To drink and to eat.
To make all His frail ones
 Grow happy and strong,
Give them the precious milk
 Sweet as a song.

God made the golden corn,
 God made the wheat,
For bread and for puddings;
 Rich plenty to eat.
The rice and the barley,
 The rye and the oats;
O let us thank Him
 In happier notes!

God made the fruits to grow
 Luscious and sweet,
For all His dear children
 To drink and to eat.
Never ferment them;
 For then from the rot
Springs forth the poison!
 Taste of it not!

Fresh from the fruit bottles

Seal it away;

Sink it in waters cold;

Hide it in clay.

There 'twill keep fresh and sweet,

Harmless as new.

Harmless as ripened grapes

Sparkling with dew.

KINDNESS TO ALL

A record is kept of all things upon earth.
And even the kitty that sleeps on the hearth
Has its own rights to our kindness and care,
As long as it lives. And no one should dare
To think all he owes is a kick and a "Scat!"
To poor little pussy because she's a cat.
And if she must die, let it be by the way
That gives the least pain, is what Mercy would say.
Be kind to all creatures; our heart tells us why.
And he who cares not for the sufferer's cry
Shall himself call in vain when the terror is nigh;
He who cares not for pain of man, beast or bird
Shall yet cry "himself and never be heard."

CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS

There came a chorus from the vales and hills;
From plains and mountains, and the rippling rills.
Where'er a flower was growing, came a song,
So sweet it woke to praise a countless throng;
And these blest words I caught within my heart
To keep until from earthly walks I part.
"We flowers, all, have come to earth to tell
What every blessed angel knows so well:
That God is Love; and seek that love to show
Where'er a human foot can ever go.
He sent us forth in beauties numberless,
For every heart to welcome and caress,
And learn a little of that love divine
That seeks through leaf and flower and star, to shine."

THE CORNSTALK CHAIR

In the years long gone, whence the shadows smile
Like the morning beams on the song-swept isle,
Half hid by the cloud and the rainbow's wing
Are the early scenes that my dreamings bring.
There's a little child at her quiet play,
Rocking her doll in a motherly way;
Singing a song as the hours creep by,
And the blue-bells bloom as the sun mounts high.
There's a violet wreath in her auburn hair,
And her rag doll sits in a cornstalk chair
That her grandmother made, with the skill of old
From the tender stems like the polished gold.
The little one then, as she planned and played
And a tiny loaf in a teaspoon made,
Knew not what a world of grief is this,
For her woes were healed with the mother's kiss.
And she never thought as she went to rub
All her dolly's clothes in a basin-tub,
And then hung them out on a tiny cord,
As white as the ruff of an ancient lord,
She should yet count the seasons one by one,
Till the dear old folks were gone, all gone;
Caught up to the Land of the Blessed Fold,
And she more than half a century old!
But O, what a change 'tween then and now!

Memories stamped upon spirit and brow;
The violets gone and the silver thread
Is the chaplet now for the once bright head;
And the cornstalk chair, like the polished gold,
Is vanished away with the dreams of old.
But the heart keeps all, and is never cold.
While the voices heard in the anthems then,
In the quiet hours come oft again.

LITTLE OLD BABY CLOTHES

From out a bundle in the old red chest

I found some baby-clothes that called the tears.
They brought so many precious memories forth,
Sweet, precious memories of by-gone years.

A little shirt so tiny that the sleeves
Would always seem to, laughing, whisper low,
“We were the first you made: we did not grow
In length nor breadth; and when the baby grew
We were laid by to serve a baby new.”

That little shirt! The tiny hem-stitched front
Covered the little heart whose fluttering beat
Was like a captive bird; nor did I know

The years would come, years sorrowful and sweet,
When I, in pain, my weary head would rest
Against that heart, and on those arms so blest.
O little sleeves! the arms you circled then,
I kissed and dressed; they dress me now. Again
The old-time tenderness comes o’er me with a thrill;
She is the stronger; yet my darling still.

O little shirt, too worn to give away;
Too dear to waste; still with my keepsakes stay,
With the wee stockings and the short pink dress,
Hid in the bundle, still my heart to bless,
By bringing back the rainbow baby days
When God first taught me mother-thought and praise.

These little clothes bring back the time to me

When, full of wonder and of hope, I thought
The coming treasure, that pure gift of God

For which, in prayer, my earnest heart had sought,
Would cheer me with a joy that only shines
In mother-hearts, where Love's most costly mines
Are thrown wide open to be gathered free
For baby lips and baby eyes to see.

Yes, I remember all, dear little clothes,
You've roused a thousand memories from repose;
And like the sweetest music of the past,
You breathe a song that must forever last.

A song re-echoed ever here below;
A song to follow me when I shall go
To that glad Home where parting is no more,
And greet my children on the fadeless shore.

LULLABY OF THE ROSES

Over the rustic window sill,
 Peering down on the little crib;
Over the snowy pillow-frill,
 Over the snowy little bib.
Scattering rose leaves fresh and sweet;
Pure as the baby's lips and feet.

Baby, dream a beautiful dream,
 Watched by the summer roses bright,
That wake to see the starry gleam
 From the wonderful crown of night,
And wait to peer on the baby's crib,
And strew soft leaves on baby's bib.

We wear the styles the roses wore
 In the summers beyond the Flood,
And dyes the same we had before,
 And our patterns came down from God.
We are the same glad roses still,
Smiling over the window sill.

We ne'er forget the ways we learned
 There in the sinless Eden Home;
Whether we're loved, or torn and spurned,
 We smile as Eve's own garden bloom.
Scattering rose-leaves fresh and sweet,
Soft as baby's lips and feet.

For the Beautiful One said "Stay;
Tell the children of God's own love.
Breathing forth fragrance all the way;
Giving the smiles sent from above."
So we watch for the little crib;
Strewing leaves on the baby's bib.

LULLABY OF THE SUN

The first baby ever to earth was born,
I kissed with my beams on its natal morn.
I made the dew's sparkle, the tender buds bloom,
The air of the morning with sweets to perfume.
I love all the babies my sunbeams to see;
I love them and all of the babies love me.

The babies they hide from me always grow pale.
None can be rosy and happy and hale
But those that I nourish with warmth and with light;
E'en in the darkness I never leave quite;
I shine 'round the corners from planet and moon,
To whisper "Take courage, I'll be with you soon."

Then, touching the morning cloud, touching the hills,
I send out the twilight that wakens the rills.
And more and more pouring my sunbeams afar,
Till dew-drops are diamonds, and hid is each star;
I wake all the babies my glories to see.
I love them and all of the babies love me!

EARTH'S REQUIEM FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Never a baby soul fluttered away
But I must tenderly treasure the clay,
Holding it close to my motherly breast,
Hiding it under my mantle to rest;
To rest till the Father who builded the skies
Shall waken the dust, and bid it arise.
Every sweet babe, in my bosom I hold,
Is a bright angel to never grow old.
Wee, waxen hands so quietly folded;
Little, still feet—divinely they're molded!
Eyes that once sparkled and yet to awake
When Resurrection's bright morning shall break.

DARLING BABY

Do you see the darling baby
Laughing in her crib?
She has learned to get the bonnet
And untie her bib.

She pulls off her little stockings
Playing with her toes.
And her feet are soft as velvet,
Pinky as the rose.

Well, baby may be a mother
In a little while;
So take care what things you teach her
By your word and smile.

For she'll be just what you make her,
Selfish, proud and cold:
Or she may be like the angels,
Sweet and pure as gold.

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

'Tis a wonderful Chorister made us to sing,

And taught every warbler its lays;

And His rapturous voice leads the angels in song;

And His name is the Ancient of Days!

'Tis a wonderful Architect builded the earth;

We read His great heart in His ways;

In the sweet and the beautiful mirrored He lives;

And His name is the Ancient of Days!

'Tis a wondrous Philosopher balanced the clouds,

And weaves the bright sunshine with haze;

And waters the earth with the dew and the rains;

And His name is the Ancient of Days!

His arm never wearies; His heart never faints,

For strength to guide worlds on their ways;

And all the bright comets that rush through the sky,

Heed the voice of the Ancient of Days!

His heart is the gladdest of all the glad hearts

That join in the anthem of praise;

Yet none grieves like Him o'er the loss of the soul,

Because He's the Ancient of Days.

His voice is the sweetest in all the glad song

In rapture all Heaven to amaze:

In all the vast universe naught can compare;

With the voice of the Ancient of Days!

And with Him in loveliness none can compare;

His beauty is great as His ways.

And those who behold Him are changed by His smile,
Because He is Ancient of Days!
His age shows no weakness; His beauty and truth
Shine ever 'mid cycles of praise.
Forever He keepeth "the dew of His youth,"
Because He is Ancient of Days!
I long for His teaching; I long to behold,
And sing with the angels His praise.
And soon I shall see Him, see Him *as He is*,
Our Saviour, the Ancient of Days.

LITTLE SHOES

Trudge, trudge, trudge, two little bright shoes;
Two tiny feet move you along;
Soft, dimpled fingers play with you oft;
Two rosy lips are learning a song.

Trudge, trudge, trudge, two little bright shoes;
Two sparkling eyes laugh as you skip.
Don't run too fast when papa comes home,
The big tears fall whenever you slip.

Trudge, trudge, trudge! O come, little shoes,
Baby must rest, and not walk all day.
Baby must sleep, and two little feet
In the warm coverlet hide them away.

Trudge, trudge, trudge, two little bright shoes,
Worn at the heel, and worn at the toe,
Holding the impress of innocence sweet,
And more precious the older they grow.

Trudge, trudge, trudge! if all of our feet
Went half as far in God's beautiful way,
There would be sunshine over the earth,
And the dark places would shine as the day.

THERE'S AN ANGEL HERE

Don't be cross if the dishes break :
Don't be cross if the baby wake :
There is a pen and a record near ;
O speak kind,—there's an angel here !

Don't be harsh if your will be crossed ;
Life's great sea may be tempest-tossed ;
Call on Christ, for the billows kneel,
If His hand shall but touch the wheel.

Don't be cross if the tide rolls high ;
God still rules in the stormy sky.
Still be kind though the way is dark ;
God saves some in a helpless Ark.

Don't be cross, for a mighty host
Now looks on ; not a word is lost.
What is earth, and its riches what ?
Soon all past, and its gold forgot.

Don't be cross, for the iron pen
Still writes on ; for the great Amen
Summons each to the shining throne,
There to meet every word his own.

Keep us, Lord, from the hasty word
That wounds all hearts like the cruel sword !
And with the blood that for us was shed,
Blot cross words from the records read.

“WAKING UP THE STARS”

Morn has lighted up the azure,
Yet our precious baby-treasure
Has not wakened from her slumbers,
And she dreams the starry numbers
All have closed their twinkling eyes,
As she sails the soft blue skies;
Sails on clouds as white as snow,
Far above the world below.
Silken ringlets, golden-brown,
From her temples rippling down,
Rest aglow upon the pillow,
While she floats dream's joyous billow.
Now the lashes on her cheek
Tremble, as she wakes to speak;
From the pillow she is springing,
And the baby-accents ringing,
Like the song-bird's from its bars,
“I was waking up the stars!”
Baby dear, so sweetly dreaming,
All the world so guileless seeming;
We're the stars that need awaking;
'Tis our slumber that needs breaking.
Life's short day is almost done;
Wake us for the setting sun.

LULLABY OF THE STARS

Come little earth-star, where the babies sleep;
Fly up the blue path, and time with us keep.
O spread your cloud-wings, bright, tiny star,
Come towards the Pleiades shining afar!

Come, little earth-star, where the babies dream,
Rocked in the cradles soft, 'neath starry gleam.
Swung in the hammocks bright, 'neath summer trees,
Where the breath of roses floats on the breeze.

Come, little earth-star, where the babies laugh,
Drinking the sweet milk God hath made to quaff.
Bathed in the sunshine ever fresh and new,
Tell them we are watching up in the blue.

Tell them we're shining still 'mid the light;
Glitt'ring and twinkling all through the night.
Gleaming at morn 'tween rose-clouds aglow;
Peering through the dark storm laden with snow.

Wee, precious earth-world, though so very small,
All the big stars know thee; thou art watched by all.
No star so favored as thyself hath been,
Where the King of Glory died to save from sin.

Brightest of sunbeam kiss thy ripening food.
Countless pure angels guard thy baby brood.
When we sing Love's anthem, shouting it afar,
There's a tender chorus sung for thee, O star!

Mighty is the arm that guideth on the way!
Planets keep their orbits while the comets play.
And you never jostle with your baby-brood,
While they learn the praises of the Loving God.

Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, little earth-world,
Flying towards the Pleiades bright unfurled;
While we sing Love's anthem, shouting it afar;
And a tender chorus swells for thee, O star!

ROSES

Sweet roses! and they bloomed as pure
As shining cloud and shining dew,
And when I asked why such sweet buds
From out the cold, damp hillsides grew;
The roses nodded in the wind,
And every velvet lip replied,
“We came to tell the love of God,
And tell the sweet, old story wide.
And that we might the longer stay
To light the path and cheer the way,
Where'er the little children stray,
Our stems are wisely wrapped in thorn,
That weary night and golden morn,
From baby lips to wake a smile
'Mid baby thoughts all pure from guile.”

MOTHER EARTH'S LULLABY

Rest, baby, rest,

On my glad breast.

All the babies I have carried
Ever since sweet Eve was married,
And I love them all so well,
That I never yet could tell
Which I think the dearest one,
Whether daughter, whether son,
All are precious from their birth
To the fond old mother Earth.

Rest, baby, rest,

On my glad breast.

O, the pansies, pinks and roses,
Buttercups and fair, wild posies,
On the lawns and in the wild,
I am growing for each child;
Making streamlets dance with glee
For the baby eyes to see.
Guarding nests of birdies near
That bring songs to baby's ear.

Rest, baby, rest,

On my glad breast.

Bread from golden field is coming;
Honey flows where bees are humming.

These in richness soon will come;
Apple, berry, grape and plum.
But may mother not forget
Milk is baby's glory yet;
And for years it still must be,
If you would a jewel see.

Rest, baby, rest,
On my glad breast.
How I watch your priceless slumbers.
Holding careful, countless numbers;
Constant turning round and round,
That the sleeping sleep more sound
In the shade; and those that wake
See the rosy morning break.
List'ning to hosannas sweet,
That all babyhood will greet.

Rest, baby, rest,
On my glad breast.
Whether in the wilds near Eden,
Or in Father Noah's garden,
Kings and peasants, rich and poor,
Born to ignorance or lore,
I have done the best I could
With the flocks of babyhood.
Every baby is a gem;
My old heart goes out to them!

LULLABY OF THE RAIN-DROPS

'Tis the patter of the rain-drops,
 Baby dear,
Falling lightly on the home-roof,
 That we hear.
Patter, patter, low and sweet,
Like the touch of velvet feet
 Coming near.

'Tis the patter of the rain-drops
 On the grass,
Makes it grow so green and shining
 As they pass.
And each leaf upon the trees
Waves, like jewels in the breeze,
 Liquid glass.

'Tis the patter of the rain-drops
 On the brook,
Makes it dimple, dimple, dimple,
 As we look:
Saying as they run away,
"We write records every day
 In Love's Book."

'Tis the cradle song of summer

That we hear,

In the patter of the rain-drops,

Coming near.

Though the dark skies seem to frown

Every drop brings blessings down,

Baby dear.

KISSING THE SUNBEAM

A babe not old enough to speak or walk was creeping on the floor. By and by a bright ray of sunshine fell upon the carpet. Baby saw it and crept towards the dazzling spot. She looked at it, with the greatest interest in her sweet face; and then, putting down her little lips, she kissed it.

O sweet little babe, in thy innocent glee,
Kissing the sunbeam so golden and bright;
God sent it, a messenger lovely, to thee,
From the blue fields of heaven, all fledged with the light.

Then kiss the bright beaming, thou dear little one;
And mayest thou ever be grateful to Him
Who gave to redeem us His glorious Son
And filleth our cup of sweet joy to the brim.

O kiss the bright sunbeam that gladdens thy home,
Though 'tween the dark storm clouds that sunbeam may come;
It cometh so golden, so beautiful ever;
Then welcome the sunbeam, and praise the kind Giver.

The Lord, in His love to the children of earth,
Showers His mercies and joys 'round the hearth;
Crowns the year with His goodness and bounty of love,
'Till the earth teems with blessings all fresh from above.

God scatters them freely and kindly on all :
Every moment they come, and how thickly they fall ;
But blessings, like sunbeams in showers of gold,
Are drunk without praises by hearts dark and cold.

He sends them to tell us how kind is His care.
He sends them to tell us how thankless we are.
He sends them to beautify Life's troubled stream ;
O praise ye the Giver Who sendeth the beam.

JEWEL OF THE CRADLE

How fondly the heart of the mother is stirred,
As she bends o'er the cradle where Innocence sleeps,
And the sweetest of names and the tenderest word
For her little birdling she carefully keeps.

How precious its smiles and its cooing to her;
And the light of its eye gives her joy anew,
And e'en while she sleeps, her fond heart waketh still,
Like a list'ning star in Night's curtain of blue.

Her fond, circling arms press it still to her breast,
Where lulled by her heart-throb it slumbers again.
If aught should awake it, the mother will start
From dreaming and patiently comfort it then.

How wilt thou reward her, O sweet little babe?
How give back the years of her labor and care?
How pay for the tears of sweet sympathy shed;
The heart's deepest yearning; the river of prayer?

O sweet little babe, learn of Jesus to love;
Sing Zion's sweet songs with thy silvery voice;
O then shall the heart of thy mother be glad,
And o'er thy existence forever rejoice.

BABY SWEET

Baby sweet is a wonderful one,
From the bright country beyond the sun;
Whether a boy or whether a girl,
Each smile is pure; each tooth is a pearl;
Whether we wake at midnight or morn,
Still we are glad the sweet baby is born.

Baby sweet is a wonderful one,
With eyes that shine like dew in the sun;
With velvet hands of the lily white;
With cheeks and lips of the roses bright.
Whether a boy or whether a girl,
A voter to be; the flag to unfurl.

Baby sweet is a wonderful one.
Teach the small feet to lovingly run;
Teach the small hands to loving caress;
Teach the pure lips to pray and to bless.
Whether a boy or whether a girl;
Whether its locks are to braid or to curl;
Hide from it vanity, cruelty hide;
Feed it with purity, never with pride.

ANGEL OF THE CRADLE

There's an angel in the cradle.

'Tis a little stainless one,
In the morning of existence.

Here we see the rising sun
Of intelligence unfolding,
And its dewy thought unspring,
All so primitive and hopeful,
As the mind unfurls its wing.

Deathless wing! O little stranger,
New-born messenger of love.
Jesus shield thy soul from danger,
Jesus lead thee safe above.

Suffer not, O blest Redeemer!
Suffer not this child to stray
From the fountain of salvation
And the happy, heavenly way.

Suffer not, O God, my Saviour!
This dear child's young heart to fill
With the follies of the worldly.
May she yield to Thee her will.
May she seek Thee, living Saviour;
Teach her in Thy blood to trust,
And for faith in Thy redemption,
Thou mayest call her with the just.

O God! my heart, too full for utterance,
Claims Thy promise. Leave her not.
May Thy Spirit warn and shield her:
Be her joy, whate'er her lot.
O Thou for sinners crucified!
Hear for this babe the mother's prayer.
O teach her all the way of life;
May Lily be an angel there,
Where comes no cloud of sin and fear
And never falls the parting tear.

LET ANGELS NAME IT

Mother, how thy little darling
Softly twines its tiny arms
'Round thy neck, like infant tendrils,
Bright with more than earthly charms.

What callest thou the baby cherub?
O can mortals find a name,
Suited to its guileless spirit,
And its fair and fragile frame?

The rose is on its snowy cheek,
Fresh as when embalmed with dew,
And O, its eyes are like the stars,
'Tween the soft clouds glancing through!

The ruby lip that mutely smiles,
The waving of the curls of gold,
The changing glances of the eye,
All shadow forth bright thoughts untold.

I know that in its sinless breast,
Embowered in the little heart,
Thoughts primitive steal softly on,
And Love's own happy flowers start.

God's Spirit oft may light its mind
With thoughts of gladness from above;
Too fair for earth, thy darling seems;
Let angels name the little Love.

O! let it never see a frown,
Nor hear a cold or cruel word;
Its eye will imitate thy glance;
Its tongue repeat whate'er is heard.

O guard, with prayer, this angel germ;
This bud upon Life's ocean tossed,
Lest thou shouldst ever see thy child
Numbered among the loved and lost.

O guard, with prayer, this deathless bud!
That lust may never blight its bloom;
And thou shalt see this cherished one
In realms of peace beyond the tomb.

Teach it to fold those little hands,
And bend the knee to Christ in prayer:
And all the wishes of the heart
To tell the Lord who listens there.

Teach it to plead the promises,
Bequeathed in the sweet Book divine,
If thou wouldst have this child of earth
Among the stars of Heaven to shine.

THE TWO CRADLES

THE BABY PRINCESS

The cradle, carved like an open shell
Of ebony, polished bright,
Was all inlaid with silver rare
That shone in the mellow light,—
Which streamed through the tiny curtains, wove
Of silver gauze and velvet flowers,
And lightly touched the infant's cheek,
As it lay in satin wrappings, weak,
And slept through the quiet hours;
And the princess dreamed in her costly bed,
With a lady grand at her feet and head;
And never knew nor cared what grace
Had fashioned frills of her dainty lace;
For she dreamed no sweeter while she slept,
Nor suffered less when in pain she wept;
Though the lullaby in the chorus said:
“There's a sparkling crown for the royal head.”

THE LITTLE RUSTIC

In its cradle-hammock, cool and light,
A baby swayed in the summer air;
And through the leaves of the spreading trees,
It looked on the pure, blue heavens there;

And smiled as the warblers sang a song,
And cooed as the sweet breeze swept along,
Till its eyelids drooped and the lashes lay
On the velvet cheek; while the mother there
Guards still the babe of her tender care:
And the winds blow soft as they come that way
To touch the curls, and then whispering say,
“Peace to the child in its hammock bed,
And crowns of health for the bright young head.”

MY DARLING UNBORN

O dear little one that my eyes never saw,
Yet sprang to existence so near to my heart.
Thou gatherest strength from each breath that I draw;
Thus, of all I have precious, I give thee a part.
Thus I nourished thee, darling, by day and by night,
And in the strange burden I take a delight;
Hoping in future that thou, in thy love,
Wilt strengthen the feeble and guide them above.

While my heart sends to thee its own bright, crimson tide,
Freighted with sustenance, ruby and warm,
I bear all thy sorrows, nor seek to divide,
With my own hidden darling, the chill of the storm.
Thus I shield thee, my loved one, by night and by day;
For thee do I suffer and for thee do I pray.
My heart hovers o'er the calm place of thy rest;
I'm waiting to pillow thy head on my breast.

O! may God keep thee from guile and from sin;
May this voice of warning fall sweet on thine ear.
May He give thee a heart to love cleanness within
And all His commandments so priceless to hear.
Thus may Christ keep thee, my darling, my child;
Making thee humble and patient and mild;
Tuning thy harp for the realms of the blest:
O there meet me, darling, in Heaven to rest!

I give thee to Jesus, my dear little one.

To the kind Shepherd's care I commit thee in love.
May He clothe thee in truth that outshineth the sun,
And lead thee by faith to the Mansions Above.
Thus I hope for His blessing by day and by night,
To let thee proclaim the great Gospel of Light,
And strengthen thy heart to praise Christ and adore,
When thy mother shall rest on the Heavenly Shore.

OUR FIRST-BORN

This little angel at my side,
Just four days old, our God hath given,
The little spirit newly fledged,
Just from our Father's hand in Heaven.
Like a bright sunbeam thou art come,
To cheer and bless our earthly home.

No word ever fell from the dear little lips,
So sweet and so ruby; so guileless and mute.
God teach thee the language of love, my sweet babe:
May glad songs of Jesus pour forth from thy lute.
When fresh buds of thought are early unfolding,
God give to thy heart the true, heavenly molding,
And placing Christ's image all glorious there,
To shield in temptation and lead thee to prayer;
In purity guide thee, sustained by His might;
And crown thee at last in the City of Light,
Where never to sin and to suffer and die,
We'll sing "Hallelujah" in Bowers on High.

THE MOTHER'S THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF HER FIRST-BORN

Where is darling baby gone?

Where is my sweet, cherished boy,
With his soft hands at the dawn
Waking me in childish joy?
Where are those blue, sparkling eyes,
That were like stars of hope to me?
The angels took him to the skies,
To dwell, O God! to dwell with Thee.

He left his foot-prints in my home,
His voice is in my heart;
He left a kiss upon my lips,
That never can depart.
And there in Heaven where angels dwell,
Where parting tears are never known,
There lives the sweet and cherished one,
Which here on earth I called my own.

Dear Saviour, let me, on Thy breast,
In faithfulness and praise recline.
O let me never faint and fall,
Nor ever mourn while Thou art mine!
Thy spirit, Lord, is with me yet,
To wipe all tear-drops from my eyes,
And when the sun of life is set,
The loved shall meet me in the skies.

And now adown the path of life
I go to cheer the faint and worn,
And scatter words and acts of love,
For those of hope and comfort shorn.
In Thy bright foot-prints, O my Lord!
Help me to lead some straying one.
Be Thou my strength and hope and shield;
Be Thou to me the rising sun.
Rivers of pleasure, full and free,
Shall then flow from Thy throne above,
And all my gloom forgotten be,
Hid in the ocean of Thy love.

ANGEL-TWIN

They took the new-born baby-twin,
And sought to give it breath;
Yet all in vain, the quiv'ring heart
Soon silent lay in death.

It never knew an earthly care.
It never wept a tear.
Who would recall the innocent?
O who could wish it here!

Deep Slumber hushed it on her breast;
It sleeps beneath the sod.
We would not wake that guileless one,
That fair and folded bud.

The mother clasps the living twin
With a young mother's love;
Yet even she would not recall
That sister babe above.

Dear Saviour, guard this little one,
Which Thou hast kindly given;
That she may meet the sister-saint;
Twin-angels, joined in Heaven.

OUR CHILDREN

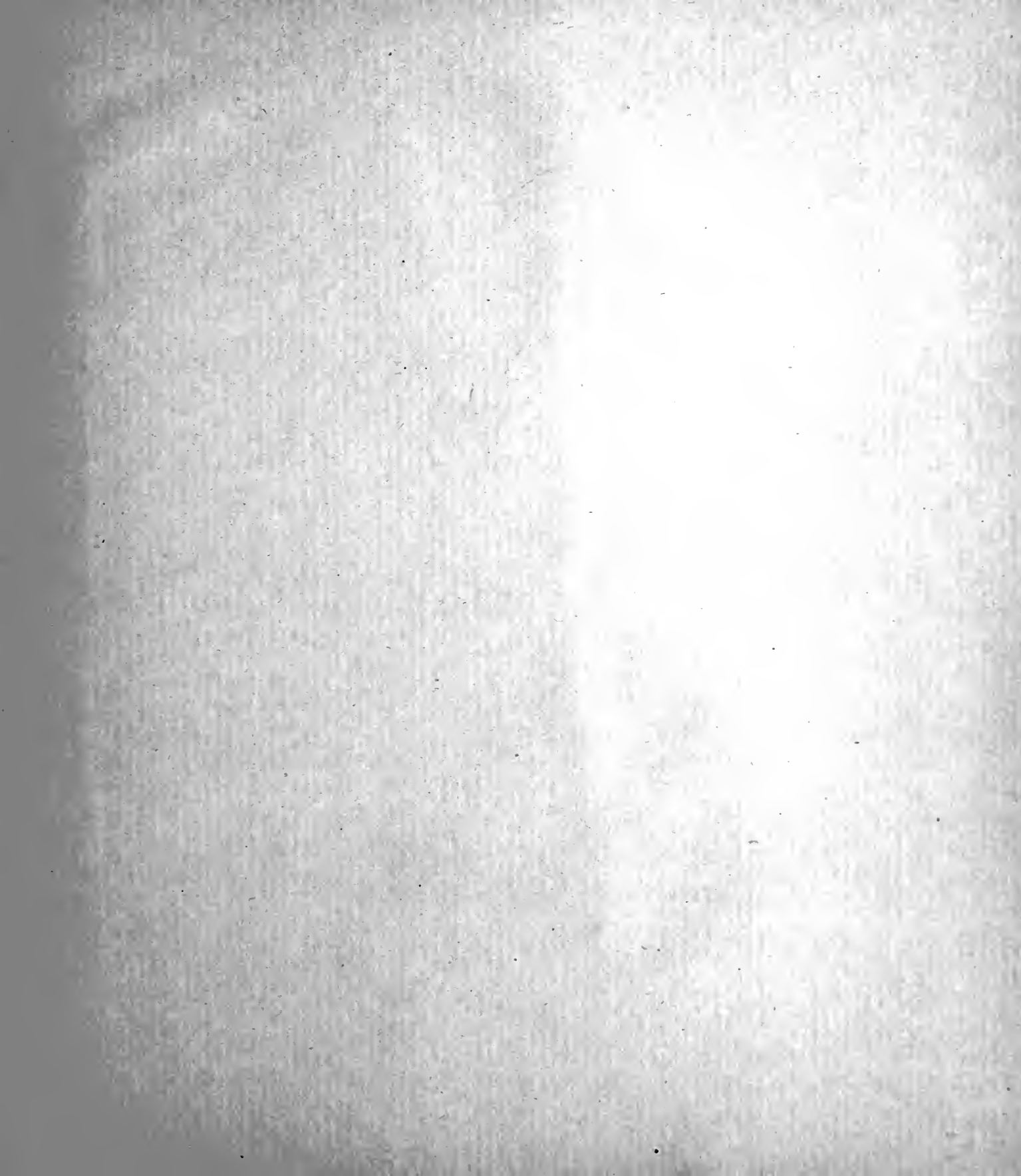
"Our children." Oft we hear these words,
Yet none but parents know
How deep they thrill the parent's heart.
The oceans ebb and flow;
You stand upon the shores and see
The shining billows roll;
'Twould be another thing to have
The oceans in your soul;
To hear their music fill your heart,
Telling of hidden goal;
To feel the rush of every wave,
And have the vast control.

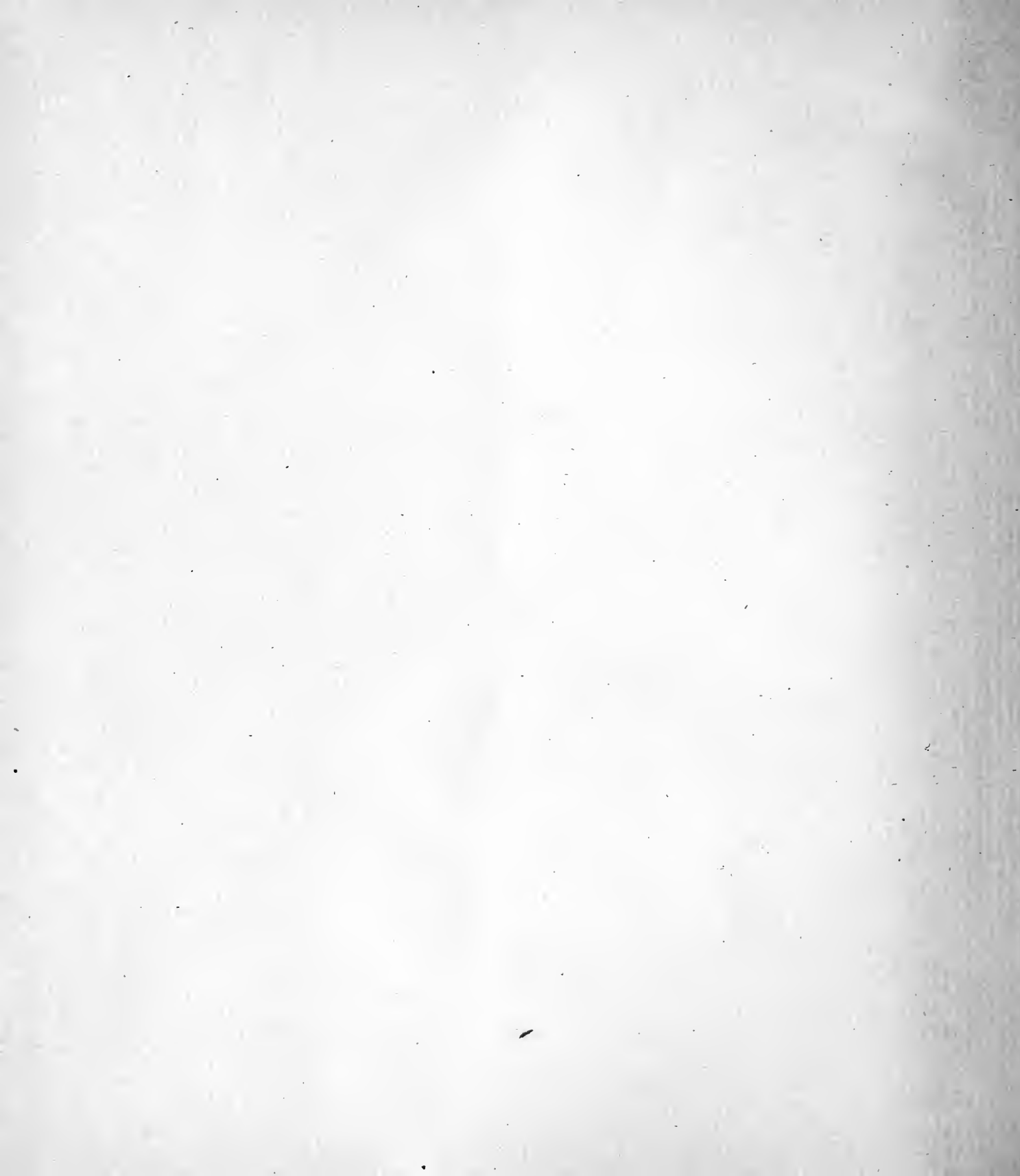
You watch the stars, the fadeless stars,
That glitter on their way;
Yet if you had them all in charge,
To keep them night and day,
O then your glorious retinue,
Your starry host so bright,
Would be outweighed by one of these:
Our children of delight,
Nor the care these loved ones want,
To guide their thoughts aright,
That they may find the shining shore,
Beyond our mortal sight.

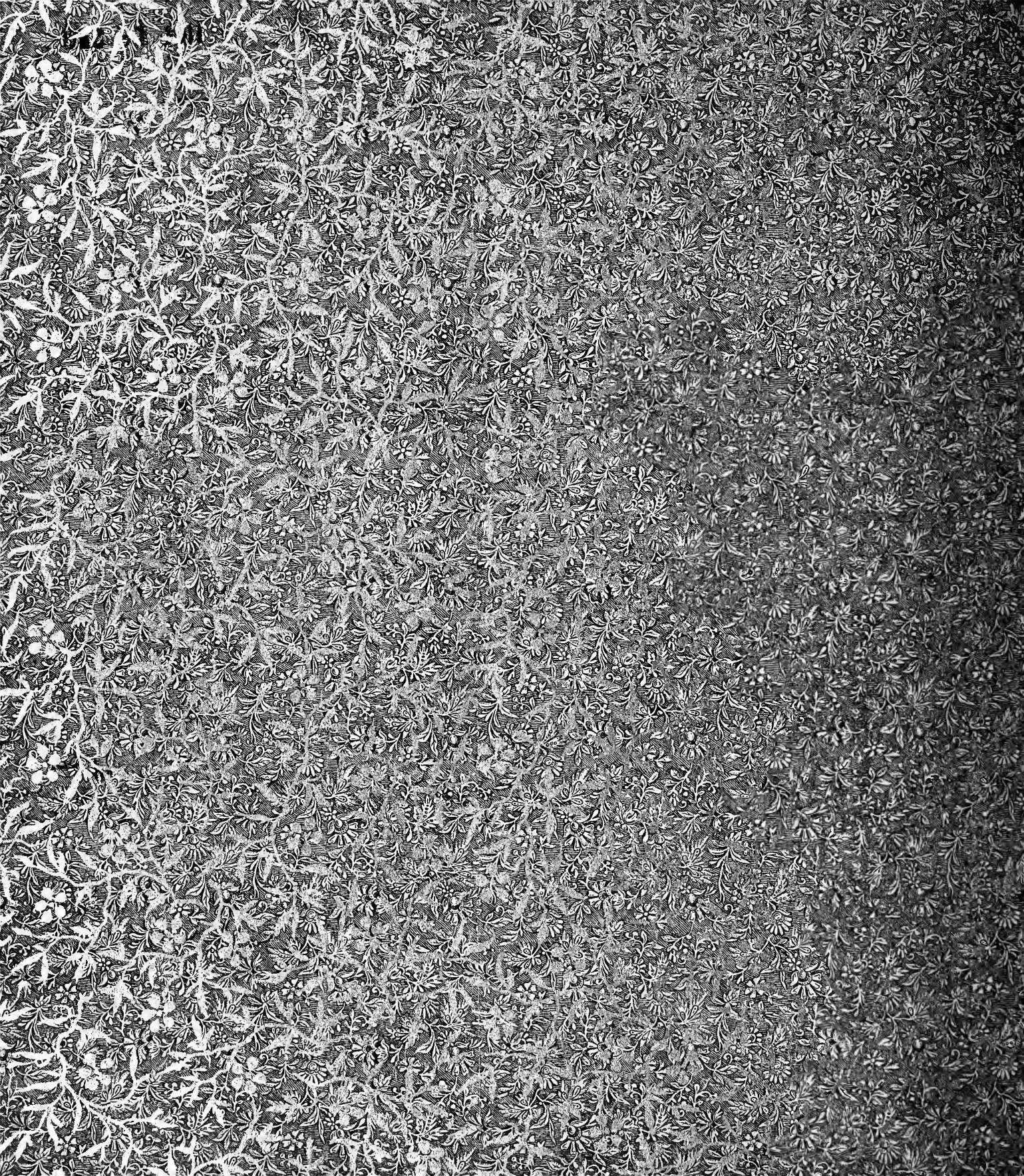
“Our children.” O these priceless words
Wake all life’s hidden springs;
Strike all the chords of hope and joy:
New thoughts spread trembling wings;
Fears whisper, and emotions weep,
While Hope lights up the tears
That oft baptize, like dewy spray,
Our darlings. May their years
Be filled with Wisdom’s holy light,
And sweet with holy cheer;
And may their brows be crowned with love,
Pure as the angels wear.

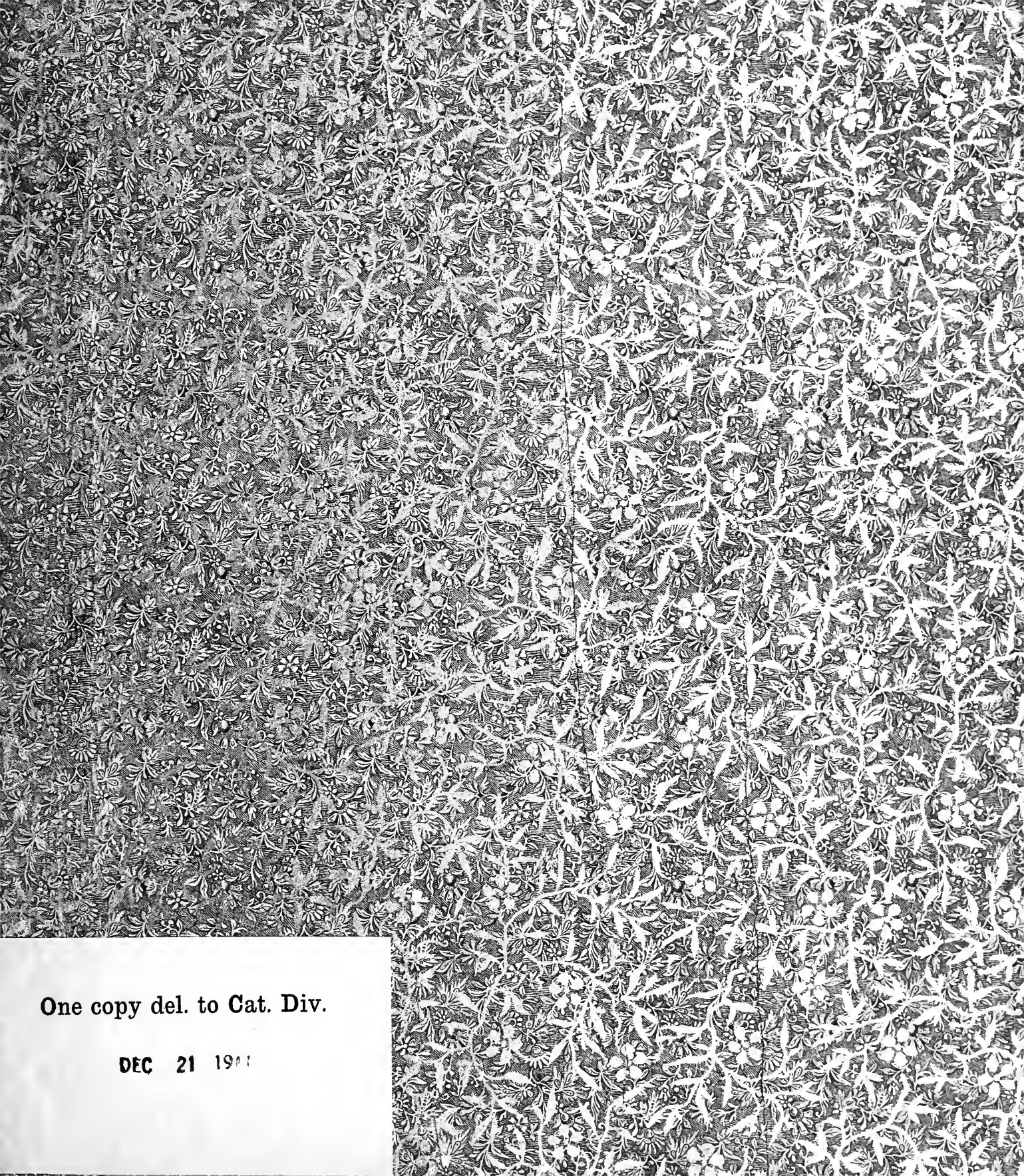
Our precious children! How we toil
To gather joys for them;
To shield them from the wintry blast:
What chilling tides we stem,
And when at last we sink in death,
God shield each darling one,
And keep them all in Virtue’s path;
The Tempter’s smile to shun;
Redeemed from sin, made pure and wise,
For that glad home above the skies.

DEC 21 1911









One copy del. to Cat. Div.

DEC 21 1911

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022584054